WHOLE NUMBER, 811.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY. In 1863, when President Pierce nominated ames Buchanan as Minister to England, the

James Buchanan as Minister to England, the Senate was on the point of adjourning without confirming the Pennsylvania statesman, and he positively refused to accept unless he was con-firmed. Hon, Richard Brodhead, a Senetar in Congress from Pennsylvania, since deceased, was an opponent of Buchanan, and it was difficult to secure his vote for the new Minister; but Mr.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 31.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873.

Choice Loetry.

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

See, the fire is sinking low, Duaky red the embers glow, While above them still I cower, While a moment more I linger, Though the clock, with lifted finger, Points beyond the midnight hour.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sings the blackened leg a tune, Learned in some forgotten june From a school boy at his play, When they both were young together, Heart of youth and summer weather Making all their holiday.

And the night wind rising, hark! How above there in the dark. In the midnight and the snow. Ever wilder, flercer, grander, Like the isemposts of lakander, All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame Seems to murmur some great name. Seems to say to me "Aspire!" But the night-wind answer. "Hollow Are the visions that you follow. Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze tileams on volumes of old days, Written by masters of the art, Loud through whose majestic pages Rolls the melody of ages, Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

Aand again the tongues of flame Start exulting, and exclaim: "These are prophets, bards and seers; In the horoscope of nations, Like ascendant constellations, They control the coming years."

But the night wind cries "Despair These who walk with feet of air Leave no long enduring marks; At God's forges incandescent, Mighty hamners best incessant, These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought, Books are sepulchres of thought; The dead laurels of the dead Rustle for a moment only, Like the withered leaves in lonely

Soddenly the flame sinks down; Sank the rumors of renown; And alone the night wind drear Clamors bouder, wilder, vaguer: "Tis the brand of Meleager Dying on the hearth stone here!"

And I answer: "Though it be, Why should that discomfort me! No endeaver is fin yain; Its reward is in its doing. And the rapture of pursuing Is the price the vanqished gain."

Select Storn.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE BORDER.

BY J. B. JONES.

CHAPTER III.

Some weeks had passed since the bear hunt. The emigrants had crossed the river, and selected their future homes in the groves that bordered the prairie, some miles distant from the ferry. Glean, when landed on the south side of the Missouri, took up his abode for a short time with Jasper Roughgrove, the ferryman, while some half-dream merchants. were building him a novel habitation. And the location was as singular as the construction of his house. It was on a peak that jutted over the river, some three hundred feet high, whence he had a view eight or ten miles down the stream, and across the opposite bottom land, to the hills positioned in a preceding change. The view mentioned in a preceding chapter. The view was obstructed above by a sudden bend of the stream; but on the south, the level prairie ran

stream; but on the south, the level prairie ran out as far as the eye could reach, interrupied only by the few young groves that were interspersed at intervals. His house, constructed of heavy stones, was about fifteen feet square, and not more than ten in height. The foor was formed of hewn timbers, the walls covered with a rough coat of lime, and the roof made of heavy boards. However uncouth this abode a peared to the eye of Glenn, yet he had followed the instructions of Boone, (to whom he had fully disclosed his plan, and repeated his odd resolution,) and reared a tenement not only capable of resisting the wintery winds that were to howl around it, but sufficiently firm to withstand the attacks of any foe, whether the wild beasts of the forest or prowling Indian. The door was very narrow but sufficiently firm to withstand the attacks of any foe, whether the wild beasts of the forest or prowling Indian. The floor was very narrow and low, being made of a solid rock fally six inches in thickness, which required the strength of a man to furn on its hinges, even when the pondrous lolt on the inside was unfastened. There was a small square window on each side, containing a single pane of glass, and made to be secured at a moment's warning, by means of thick stone shutters on the inside. The fire-place was ample at the hearth, but the flae through which the smoke escaped was small, and ran in a serpentine direction up through the northern wall; while the ceiling was overlaid with smooth, flat stones, fastened down with huge iron spikes, and supported by strong wooden joists. The furniture consisted of a few tranks, (which answered for seats.) two camp heds, four bartels of hard biscuit, a few dishes and cooking utensils, and a quantity of hunting implements. Many times did Joe shake his head in wonderment, as this house was preparing for his reception. It seemed to him too much danger was apprehended without, and it too much resembled a solitary and secure prison, should one be confined within. Nevertheless, he was permitted to adopt his own plan in the construction of a shadter for the howes. And the retenresembled a solitary and secure prison, should one be confined within. Nevertheless, he was permitted to adopt his own plan in the construction of a shelter for the horses. And the retention of these animals was some relief to his otherwise gloomy forebodings, when he beheld the erection of his minster assistance tenement. He superintended the building of a substantial and comfortable stable. He had stalls, a small granary, and a regular rack made for the accommodation of the horses, and precured, with difficulty, and no little expense, a supply of provender. The space, including the buildings, which had been cleared of the roots and stones, for the purpose of cultivating a garden, was about one hundred feet in diameter, and enclosed by a circular row of posts driven firmly in the ground, and rising some ten feet above the surface. These were planted so closely together, that even a squirrel would have found it difficult to enter without climbing over them. Indeed, Joe had an especial eye to this department, having heard some awful tales of the stable, wherein a quantity of

One corner of the stable, wherein a quantity of One corner of the stable, wherein a quantity of straw was placed, was appropriated for the com-fort of the dogs, Kingwood and Jowler, which had been presented to Gleun by his obliging friend, after they had exhibited their skill in the

friend, after they had exhibited their skill in the bear hunt.

When everything was completed, preparatory for his removal thither. Glenn dismissed his faithful artisans, bestowing upon them a liberal reward for their labor, and took possession of his castle. But, notwithstanding the strange manner in which he proposed to spend his days, and his habitual grave demeaner and facturnity, yet his kind tone, when he uttered a request, or ventured a remark, on the transactions passing around him, and his contempt for money, which he squandered with a prodigal hand, had secured for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the friendship of the surrounding emigrants. But there was one whose esteem had no venal mixture in it. This was Mary, the old ferryman's daughter, a fair-checked girl of nineteen, who neverteening a secretary of the surrounding the strain of the surrounding the surrounding the strain of the surrounding emigrants. But there was one whose esteem had no venal mixture in it. This was Mary, the old ferryman's daughter, a fair-checked girl of nineteen, who neverteening the surrounding the strain of the surrounding the

wildest features of nature, he found it impossible to look around him and enjoy the magic of the

wildest features of nature, he found it impossible to look around him and enjoy the magic of the page at the same time.

Joe employed himself in attending to his horsels, feeding the fowls and dogs, and playing with the fawn and kitten. He also practiced loading and shooting his musket, and endeavored to learn the mode of doing execution on other subjects, without committing violence on himself.

"Joe," said Glenn, one bright, frosty morning, "saddle the horses; we will make an excursion on the prairie, and see what success we can have without the presence and assistance of an experienced hunter. I designed awaiting the visit of Boone, which he promised should take place about this time; but we will venture out without him; if we kill nothing, at least we shall have the satisfaction of doing no harm."

Joe set off toward the stable, smiling at Glenn's joke, and heartily delighted to exchange the monotony of his domestic employment, which was becoming irksome, for the sports of the field, particularly as he was now entirely recovered from the effects of his late disasters, and began to grow weary of wasting his amunition in firing at a target, when there was an abundance of game in the vicinity.

"Whom! Ringwood!—Jowler!" cried he lead.

in the vicinity.

"Whoop! Ringwood!—Jowler!" cried he, leading the horses briskly forth. The dogs came prancing and yelping round him, as well pleased as himself at the prospect of a day's sport; and when Glenn came out, they exhibited palpable signs of recognition, and eagerness to accompany their new master on his first hunt. Glenn strok—d their heads, which were constantly rubbed their new master on his first hunt. Glenn stroked their heads, which were constantly rubbed
against his hands, and his caresses were gratefully received by the faithful hounds. He had
been instructed by Boone how to manage them,
so as either to keep them at his side when he
wished to approach the game stealthily, or to
send them forth when rapid pursuit was required,
and he was now auxions to test their sagacity.

When mounted, the young men set forward in
a southern direction, the valley in which the ferryman's cabin was situated on one hand, and one

When mounted, the young men set forward in a southern direction, the valley in which the ferryman's cabin was situated on one hand, and one about the same distance above on the other. But the space between them gradually widened as they progressed, and in a few minutes both disappeared entirely, terminating in scarcely preceptible rivulets, running slowly down from the high and level prairie. Here Glenn paused to determine what course he should take. The sun shone brightly on the interminable expanse before him, and not a breeze ruffled the long dry grass around, nor disturbed the few sear leaves that yet clung to the diminutive clusters of bushes scattered at long intervals over the prairie. It was a delightful scene. From the high position of our hero, he could distinguish objects miles distant on the plain; and if the landscape was not enlivened by houses and domestic herds, he could at all events here and there behold parties of deer browsing peacefully in the distance. Ringwood and Jowler also saw or scentcd them, as their attention was pointed in that direction; but so far from marring the sport by prematurely running forward, they knew too well their duty to leave their master, even were the game within a few paces of them, without the word of command. within a few paces of them, without the word of

ommand.
"I see a deer!" cried Joe, at length, having "I see a deer;" cried Joe, at length, having till then been employed gathering some fine wild grapes from a neighboring vine.
"I see several," replied Glenn; "but how are we to get within gun-shot of them, is the ques-tion."

"I see them, too," said Joe, his eyes glisten-

"I have thought of a plan, Joe; whether right or wrong, is not very material, as respects the exercise we are seeking; but I am inclined to believe it is the proper one. It will at all events give you a fair opportunity of killing a deer, as yon will have to fire as they run, and the great number of bullets in your musket will make you more certain to do execution than if you fired a ride. You will proceed to you thicket, about a thousand yards distant, keeping the bushes all the time between you and the deer. When you arrive at it dismount, and after tying your pony in the bushes, where he will be well hid, select a position whence you can see the deer when they in the bushes, where he will be well hid, select a
position whence you can see the deer when they
ran; I think they will go within reach of your
fire. I will make a detour beyond them, and approach from the opposite side.

"I'd rather not tie my pony," said Joe.

"Why? he would not leave you, even were he
to get loose," replied Glenn.

"I don't think he would—but I'd rather not
have him yet swhile fill I gat a little better me

"I don't think he would—but I'd rainer hea-leave him yet awhile, till I get a little better us-ed to hunting," said Joe, probably thinking there might be some danger to himself on foot in a country where bears, wolves, and panthers

a country where bears, woives, and panthers were sometimes seen."

"Can you fire while sitting on your pony?" inquired Glenn.

"I suppose 10," said Joe; "though I never thought to try it yet."

"Suppose you try it now, while I watch the deer, and see if what I have been told is true,

that the mere report of a gun will not alarm them."
"Well, I will," said Joe. "I think Pete knows

"Well, I will," said Joe. "I think Pete knows as well as the steed, that shooting on him wont't hurt him."

"Fire away, then," said Glenn, looking steadfastly at the deer. Joe fired, and none of the deer ran off. Some continued their playful sports, while others browsed along without lifting their heads; in all likelihood the report did not reach them. But Gleun heard a tremendous thumping behind, and on turning round, beheld his man quietly lying on the ground, and the pony standing about ten paces distant, with his head turned towards Joe, his cars thrust forwards, his nostrils distended and snorting, and his little blue eyes ready to burst out of his head.

"How is this, Joe!? inquired Glenn, scarcely able to repress a smile at the ridiculous posture of his man.

of his man.
"I hurdly know myself," replied Joe, casting

of his man.

"I hurdly know myself," replied Joe, casting a silly glance at his treacherous pony; and after examining his limbs, and finding no injury had been sustained, continued: "I hred, as you directed, and when the smoke cleared away, I found myself lying just as you see me here. I don't know how Pete contrived to get from under me, but there he stands, and here I lie."

"Load your gun, and try it again," said Glenn.

"I'd rather not," said Joe.

"Then I will," replied Glenn, whose horse-manship enabled him to retain the saddle in spite of the struggles of Pete, who, after several discharges, submitted and bore it quietly.

Joe then monnted, and set out for the designated thicket, while Glenn galloped off in another direction, followed by the hounds.

When Joe arrived at the hazel thicket, he continued in the saddle; and otherwise he would not have been able to see over the prairie, for the tall grass which had grown very laurantly in that vicinity. There was a path, however, running round the edge of the bushes, which had been made by the deer and other wild animals, and in this he cautiously groped his way, "looking out in every direction for the deer. When he had progressed about half way round, he espied them feeding composedly, about three hundred paces distaut, on a slight eminence. There were at least fifteen of them, and some very large ones. Fearful of giving the alarm before Glenn should fire, he shielded himself from view behind a cluster of persimnon bushes, and tasted the ripe and not unpalatable fruit. And here he was destined to win his first trophy as a hunter. While bending down some branches over head, without looking up, an opossum fell upon his hat, knocking it over his eyes, and springing on the neck of Pete, thence leaped to the ground. But before it disappeared, Joe had dismounted, and giving it a blow with the butt of his musket, it relied over on its side, with its eyes closed and tongue hanging out, indicating that the stroke had been fatal.

"So much for you!" said Joe, casting

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873.

It is admitted, and pailled the ringer. It is supposed to the state of the stat mensions, scattered over the rich virgin soil.

The gentle undulations of the prairie resembled
the boundless ocean entranced, as if the long
swells had been suddenly abandoned by the

ing attitude.
"What think you of the view, Joe?" inquired

"What think you of the view, Joe?" inquired Glenn, after regarding the scene many minutes in silence.

"I've been watching a little speck, way out toward the sun, which keeps bobbing up and down, and gets bigger and bigger," said Joe.

"I mean the prospect around," said Glenn.

"I can't form an opinion, because I can't see the end of it," replied Joe, still intently regarding the object referred to.

"That is an animal of some kind," observed Glenn, marking the object referred to.

"And a whapper, too; when I first saw it, I thought it was a rabbit, and now it's bigger than a deer, and is still a mile or two off," said Joe.

than a deer, and is still a mile or two off," said Joe.

"We'll wait a few minutes, and see what it is," replied Glenn, checking his steed, which had proceeded a few steps downward. The object of their attention held its course directly towards them, and as it drew nearer, it was easily distinguished to be a very large buffalo, an animal then somewhat rare so near the white man's settlement, and one that our hero had often expressed a wish to see. Its dark shaggy sides, protuberated back and bonshy head, were quite perceptible, as it careered swiftly onward, seemingly flying from some danger behind.

"Down, Ringwood! Jowler!" exclaimed Glenn, preparing to fire.

preparing to fire.

"Down, Joe, too," said Joe, slipping down from his pony, preferring not to risk another fall, and likewise preparing to fire.

When the buffalo reached the base of the

and likewise preparing to fire.

When the buffalo reached the base of the mound, it saw for the first time the objects above, and halted. It regarded the men with more symptoms of curiosity than alarm, but as it gazed, its distressed pantings indicated that it had been long retreating from some object of dread.

Meantime both gans were discharged, and the contents undoubtedly penetrated the animal's body, for he leaped upright in the air, and on descending, staggered off slowly in a course at right angles from the one which he was first pursuing. Glenn then let the hounds go forth, and soon overtaking the animal, they were speedily forced to act on the defensive; for the enormous foe wheeled round and pursued in turn. Finding the hounds were too cautious and active to fall victims to his sharp horns, he pawed the earth, and uttered the most horriffic bellowings. As Glenn and Joe rode by the place where he had stood when they fired, they perceived large quantities of frothy blood, which convinced them that he had received a mortal wound. They rode on, and pansed within eighty paces of where he now stood, and calling back the baying hounds, again discharged their guns. The buffalor orared most hideously, and making a few plunges towards his assailants, fell on his knees, and the next moment turued over on his side.

"Come back, Joe!" cried Glenn to his man, who had mounted and wheeled when the animal rushed towards them, and was still flying away as fast as his pony could carry him.

"No—never!" replied Joe; "I won't go nigh that awful thing! Don't you see it's getting dark! How will we ever find our way home again!"

The latter remark startled Glenn, for be had

faithful artisans, bestowing upon them a liberal faithful artisans, bestowing upon them a liberal reward for their labor, and took possession of his castle. But, notwithstanding the strange manner in which he proposed to spend his days, and his habitual grave demeanor and tactrarity, and his habitual grave demeanor and tactrarity, yet his kind tone, when he uttered a request, or yet his kind tone, when he uttered a request, or yet his kind tone, when he nettered a request, or yet his kind tone, when he nettered a request, or yet his kind tone, when he hat there was soint who had no wend may be for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the for him the good will of the ferrymen, and the remaining the the surrounding emigrants. But there was one whose esteem had no venal mixther again!"
The latter remark startled Glenn, for he had

"I thank all the saints at once!" exclaimed Joe, dismounting and falling on his knees. "Thank your pony's legs, also," remarked Glenn, smiling.
"Was there ever such a blessed deliverance!"

"Was there ever such a lucky tumble into a ditch f" replied Glenu, with spirits more buoyant than usual.

ant than usual.

"Was there ever an old hunter so much deceived!" said a voice a few paces down that side of the cone least exposed to the glare of the fire, and so much in the shadow of the peak, that the speaker was not perceived from the position of the young men. But as soon as the words were uttered. Ringwood and Jowler sprang from the horses' heels, where they had lain panting, and rushed in the direction of the speaker, whom they accosted with marks of joyful recognition.

"It is Boone!" exclaimed Glenn, leaping from his horse, and running forward to his friend, who was now seen to rise up, and a moment after, his horse, that had been proetrate and still, was likewise on his feet.

ter, his horse, that may been processes was likewise on his feet.

"Ha! ha! ha! You have played me a fine trick, truly," laughingly remarked Boone, returning their hearty salutations.

savage, by a desterons turn or sudden leap, seemed to avoid him with ease, and flying round, sent forth another barbed messenger, as he careered at full speed.

"As I'm afoot, I'll go ahead!" cried Sueak, starting off at a gait that verified his words. "Good gracions!" exclaimed Joe, leaping on his pony and whipping after Sneak, while Boone and Glenn followed at a brisk gallop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

A HORBIBLE STORY. What an Engineer Did With a Man Who Dis-arranged a Railroad Track.

As the day of Cluk's execution approaches, horrible and ghastly topics are discussed in workshops, around the evening stove, in the corner grocery, and in many places of public resort. Children shudder and cling closer to mothers' knee, as the garrulous old visitor narrates some atory of a hanging, or the details of some dark crime that occurred when she was a girl. The solemn, the mysterious, and the superstitious, which always surround a hanging, seem to be in the air; and, although the topic is a disgusting one, it must be confessed—not to the credit of humanity—that a morbid appetite in the public craves and demand the minutest detail of the horrible burbarity. One of the many recalled stories which are borne upon the very wind, the following was told to a Senisel reporter a night or two ago, and, to add to the horrid surroundings of the story, he was in a coffin-shop viewing the coffin which is to contain the last remains of the marderer Cluck:

rime that occurred when she was a girl. The will all hall You have played me after trick, their hearty salutations.

"How I inquired Glenn."

"In the first place, to venture forth, before me "In the grid place of the control of the place of the control of the place of the control of the place of the pla

Miscellany.

THE SKATER. ter lightly laughs and glides owing that beneath the ice on he curves his fair device, and corpse in silence slides.

It clareth upward at his play;
Its cold, blue, rigid finger steal
Beneath the treadings of his heel;
It floats along and floats away. He has not seen its horror pass; His heart is blithe; the village he His distant laughter; he careers In festive walts athwart the glass.

We are the skaters, we who skim
The surface of Life's solemn flood,
And drive, with gladness in our blood,
A daring dance from brim is brim.

But ever near ns, silent, cold.
Ploat those who bounded from the bank
With eager hearts like us, and sank,
ecause their feet were overbold. They sank through breathing holes of vice, Through treacherous abcens of mbelief; They know not their despair and grief. Their hearts and minds are turned to ice.

[Prom the Toledo Blade.] THE NAMEY LETTERS.

posishens duris the unforchnit struggle, shel be dismissed to wunst, and ther places be supplied by others whose names will awaken no empiesant remembrances.

18. That the flag uv wat is now our common kentry be changed to a desine that will revive no bitterness in our breat.

19. That by act of Congress, the peeple proceed

bitterness in our brest.

19. That by act of Congress, the people proceed to wunst to forgit.

These is all I happen to think my jest now, tho it will perhaps be es well for the Governent to git into a war with Spain or England es soon es convenient, to the end my drownin the memory my the late war in a fresher one.

Ef Congress her the sense to adopt Senator Sommer's proposishen, with the addishums wich I have sejested, (without wich he is merely soundin brass and tinkin simbles, fall my sound and fary, signify in nothin.) I am convinst it wood go a grate way toards restorin pewer and harmony in the South. We shel insist on all my my sejestions. I will not weaken the force my em by reference to the Post Offis at the Corners, but I will remark that ef the Corners is to be consiliated, that nigger Lubbock must not remain. So long as I sm kept in a privait posishen, as long ther will be under us a smolderin volcano wich may crupt at eny time. "A word to the wise," et settry.

PETROLEUN V. Kassy,

Wich would like to be Postmaster.

March, Secretary of State, and the President, finally succeeded in conciliating him, and J. B was put through, and began to prepare for his mission. His first solicitude was to secure a comwas put through, and began to prepare for his mission. His first solicitude was to secure a competent Secretary of Legation, and he asked me if I had any such person in view. I said I had not; knowing that Mr. Buchanan was not easy to please in such matters, and believing that in the choice of his confidential assistant he ought to act for himself. Shortly after this conversation, however, I visited New York, and met a gentleman whose talents and address seemed to ht him for the post. This was the present General Daniel E. Sickles, then the prominent young leader of the Democracy of the Empire State. He was in his thirty fourth year, in the flush of a full practice at the bar, and in the receipt of a large income at the head of the Law Department of the city. I said to him one day, "How would you like to be Secretary of Legation under Buchanan, the new Ministerio London!" "What's the pay!" "Twenty-five hundreddollars a year." "Why, bless you, my dear fellow, that would hardly pay for my wine and eigars. My annual income is fifteen times more than that. I could not think of such a sacrifice." But the next day he thought better of it. A year or two at the

The Summer. Propositions—Mr. Nosby Suggests Additions.

CONFIDERT X ROADS, (WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY.)
December 18, 1872.)
The sun goes down directily over my humble Kentucky home—it slides down the cold western sky, and sets under the darkost clouds. How like our fate? The Dimocratic sun riz well entil in the East, at Baltimore, last Summer, but its settin in November wur cold and cheerless. That corners and 1—alast 1 am bordin on promises to pay, and am exposed to the jeers and jibos wich allur foller impeconomisty.

One brite ray av sunshine hez fallen onto us—one only. The proposishen uv the noblest Roman wall, Senator Summer's purposished uv the battles are the hardy Register ca well, that the South may be no longer homiliated by bein reminded uv its defeats, appeals to my sensibilities, and gives me new faith in humanity. Ther is yit balm in Giscal—Kentucky is not entirely deserted.

Ez good ez Senator Summer's proposishen is, it is not entif. Kentucky accepts it only ex a step in the rite direcshum, not ex a ultimate, for with the proposishen the work uv reconciliation is only haff done. We demand more uv him. We are a sensitive, high-toned, proved and hawty peeple. We demand, in addisatun to the crashin uv names uv battles from the battle flags and Army Register, the follerin:

1. That from this time hemeeforrerd and forever, no man, either in print or in speech, shel ever be allowed to menshen the name uv any battle in with our feller-citizens uv the South wus whaled, and any man doin uv it shel be arrested, kale are sensitive, high-toned, proved and hawty teeple. We demand, in addisatun to the crashin uv names uv battles from the battle flags and Army Register, the follerin:

1. That from this time hemeeforrerd and forever, no man, either in print or in speech, shel ever be allowed to menshen the name uv any battle in with our feller-citizens uv the South wus whaled, and any man doin uv it shel be arrested, taken of the proposition of the party; and the prove fail the form the battle flags and

wich our feller-citizens uv the South wuz whaled, and any man doin uv it shel be arrested, taken afore a nearest justis uv the peace, and, upon convickshen, shel be imprisoned in the penitenshery uv the State in wich the offense wuz committed for life.

2. That Lookout Mountain, South Mountain, Kenesaw Hites, Mishun Ridge, and other elevashens on wich our brave and shivelras feller-citizens uv the South wur whaled, shel be leveled off at the expense uv the Government, and all valleys wher similar struggles ensood shel be filled up.

3. That the monuments at Gettysburg, and all monuments in cities, towns and villages perpetuatin the memory uv the struggle, shel be impiately blowed up.

4. That the names uv towns wher sich struggles wuz hed, shel be changed to sich peace-suggestin names ez Jonesville, Smithboro, et settry, and wher the name uv a river suggests onpleasant recolleckshuns to our feller-citizens uv the South, the name av sich river shel be changed by act uv Congress.

5. That the hed-stones uv Fedral soljers in the so-called Nashnal Cemeteries at Gettysburg and allewher shel he teem up and the graves allowed to the return of the partey; and the partey; and take care of themselves till the hour for the return of the legation Mr. Buchanan ordered th

the name we sich river she be changed by act we congress.

5. That the hed-stones uv Fedral soljers in the so-called Nashnal Cemeteries at Gettyshung and over, to sentore the ground to its normal smoothness, and that no mother, father, son or brother, or other relatives uv any Fedral soljer who fell in these battles and was therin berried, shel be allowed to visit sed grounds on any precist. And ex of ground is Government property, that it shel be soid to the highest bidder, and the proceeds the soid to the highest bidder, and the proceeds the soid to the highest bidder, and the proceeds the soid to the highest bidder, and the proceeds the soid to the highest bidder, and the proceeds there is an allowed to compare the soil in the beautiful to the highest bidder, and the proceeds there of position to the property sold and the proceeds theref position to the property sold and the proceeds theref position on the proceeds theref position of the proceeds therefore and proceeds therefore and

A Goop Hrr.—The Henry Republican propounds the following query:

"The Peoria Democrat thinks now that Greeley is dead, the artist Nast, the Harpers and Goorge William Cartis, ought to "ge down on their knees before the two children of Horace Greeley, and has mitassade for sandan" for what they knees before the two children of Horace Greeley, and beg piteously for pardon," for what they severally did in the late campaign. Now if such penance is necessary to attone for six months of opposition to a Presidential candidate, we would like to know what is due from the Democrat, and other Democrats who have alonsed him for forty years, and never had a good word to say for him, as a means to secure their party ends."

THE OLD EDITORS OF NEW YORK.—Of the aldest editors of New York, there are now left but those of two evening papers—Messes. Bryant and Goodwin, of the Past, and the brothers Brooks, of the Express. Mr. Bryant antedated even Bennett and Greeley by many years, and he outlives them all in a green and happy old age, still possessed of the power to pen as vigerous an editorial as any man on the American press.

The brothers Brooks, have been running the Express for, I believe, about thirty years, and both of them look as if they might fill out their half-century of editoral service.